

R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

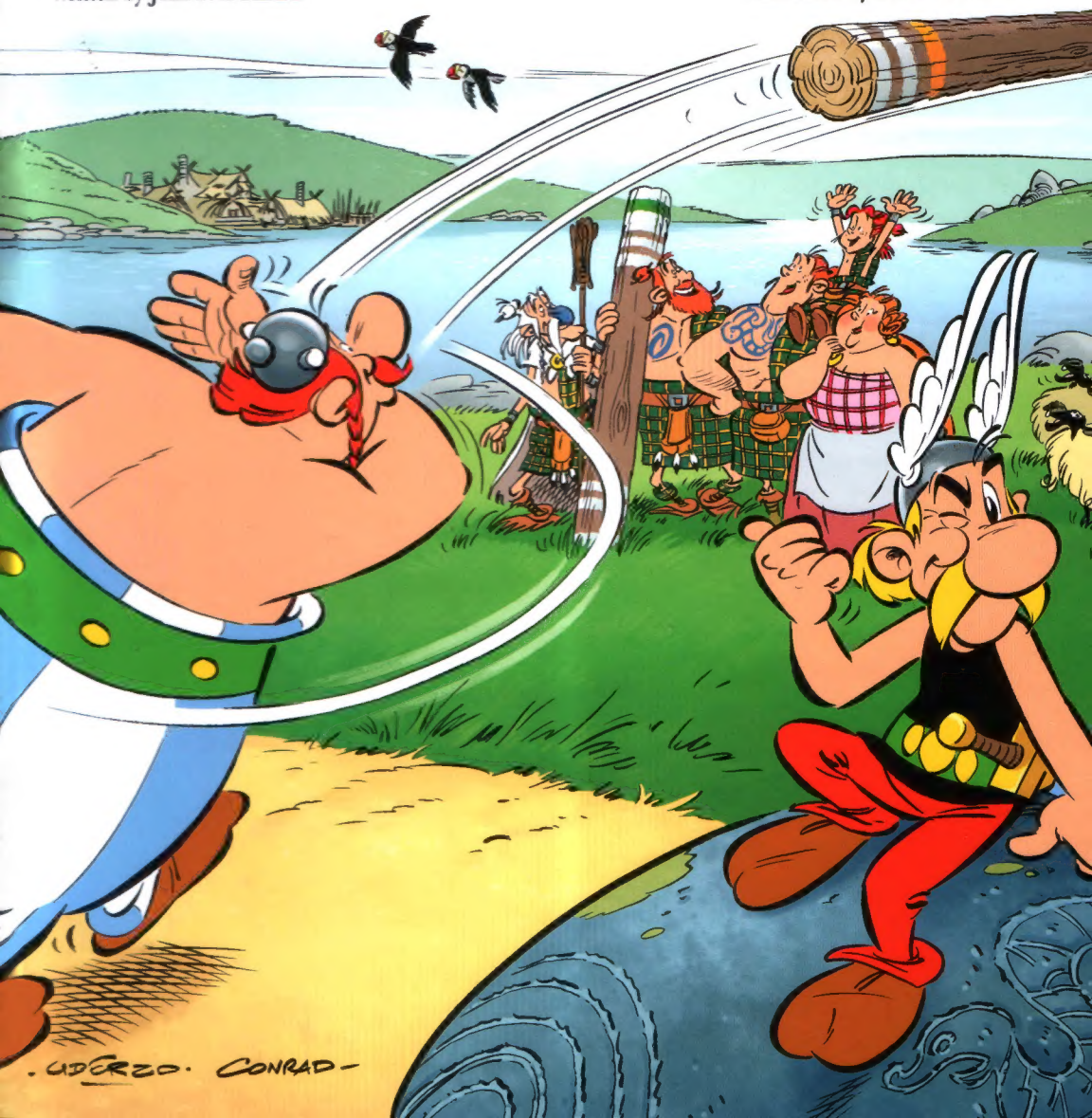
Asterix

AND
THE

Picts

Written by Jean-Yves FERRI

Illustrated by Didier CONRAD



GOSCINNY AND UDERZO

PRESENT

An Asterix Adventure

ASTERIX AND THE PICTS

Written by JEAN-YVES FERRI

Illustrated by DIDIER CONRAD

Translated by ANTHEA BELL



Colour by THIERRY MÉBARKI, MURIELLE LEROI, RAPHAËL DELERUE



Congratulations to Jean-Yves Ferri and Didier Conrad for having the courage and talent to write and draw this new Asterix album. Thanks to them, the Gaulish village created with my friend René Goscinny can go on having new adventures to delight readers of the series.

Albert Uderzo

The memory of René Goscinny is never far away when Asterix is being brought to life. Until the present, the huge talent of Albert Uderzo has worked to preserve it. Today, now that Albert has watched over the production of the first album on which the original creators did not work, I like to think that my father would be proud of the authors to whom we have entrusted the famous little Gaul — as proud and happy as I am.

Anne Goscinny



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a few of the Gauls

Asterix, the hero of these adventures. A shrewd, cunning little warrior, all perilous missions are immediately entrusted to him. Asterix gets his superhuman strength from the magic potion brewed by the druid Getafix...



Obelix, Asterix's inseparable friend. A menhir delivery-man by trade, addicted to wild boar. Obelix is always ready to drop everything and go off on a new adventure with Asterix – so long as there's wild boar to eat, and plenty of fighting. His constant companion is Dogmatix, the only known canine ecologist, who howls with despair when a tree is cut down.



Getafix, the venerable village druid. Gathers mistletoe and brews magic potions. His speciality is the potion which gives the drinker superhuman strength. But Getafix also has other recipes up his sleeve...



Cacofonix, the bard. Opinion is divided as to his musical gifts. Cacofonix thinks he's a genius. Everyone else thinks he's unspeakable. But so long as he doesn't speak, let alone sing, everybody likes him...



Finally, Vitalstatistix, the chief of the tribe. Majestic, brave and hot-tempered, the old warrior is respected by his men and feared by his enemies. Vitalstatistix himself has only one fear, he is afraid the sky may fall on his head tomorrow. But as he always says, 'Tomorrow never comes.'



GAULISH VILLAGE

COMPENDIUM

LAUDANUM

AQUARIUM

TOTORUM

LUTETIA

ARMORICA

GAUL
(ROMAN CONQUEST)
50 B.C.

CELTICA

PROVINCIA

AQUITANIA

The year is 50BC. Gaul is entirely occupied by the Romans. Well, not entirely . . . One small village of indomitable Gauls still holds out against the invaders. And life is not easy for the Roman legionaries who garrison the fortified camps of Totorum, Aquarium, Laudanum and Compendium . . .

OCCASIONALLY THE PLEASANT CLIMATE OF ARMORICA GAVE WAY TO THE STORMY WEATHER OF A HARD WINTER... IT SO HAPPENS THAT THIS MORNING, AFTER SEVERAL COLD DAYS, A PALE SUN COMES OUT AT LAST TO WARM THE LITTLE VILLAGE THAT WE KNOW SO WELL...

FRESH FiSH!

BUY MY NICE FRESH FISH!

UNHYGIENIX

HUH!

FRESH, IS IT? TELL US ANOTHER!

HI, GERIATRIX! STILL A BIT NIPPY, EH?

OY! HERE'S CAESAR'S HEAD!

THAT WAS NOTHING TO SPEAK OF!
I'VE SEEN WORSE!

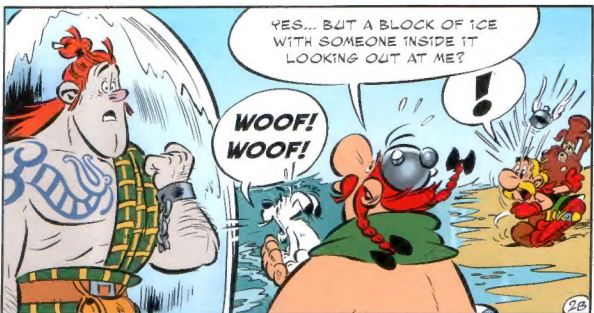
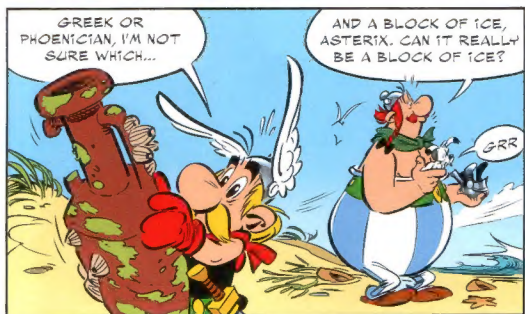
IN THE YEAR 50 BY (BEFORE VITAL-STATISTIX), IT WAS SO COLD THAT THE SEA FROZE OVER! SEAGULLS CRASH-LANDED ON THE WAVES!

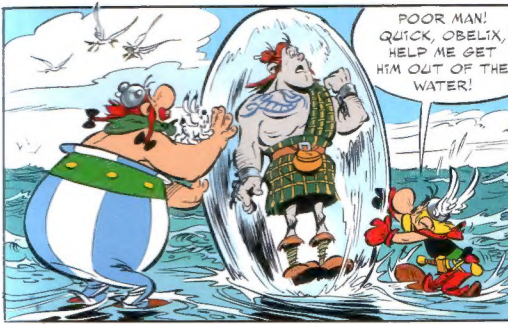
GERIATRIX, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT IN THIS WEATHER? YOU KNOW YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH!

...FROZEN SEA MONSTERS CAME UP FROM THE SEA!

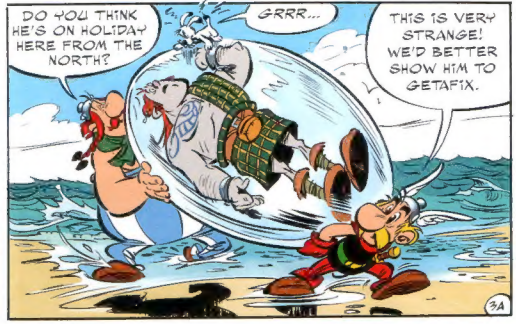
WE PUSHED THEM BACK WITH STALACTITES.

POOR OLD GERIATRIX! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN INCLINED TO RAMBLE ON.





POOR MAN!
QUICK, OBELIX,
HELP ME GET
HIM OUT OF THE
WATER!



DO YOU THINK
HE'S ON HOLIDAY
HERE FROM THE
NORTH?

GRRR...

THIS IS VERY
STRANGE!
WE'D BETTER
SHOW HIM TO
GETAFIX.



WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK, HE'S
IN CHAINS.

IF YOU ASK ME
HE'S CAUGHT
A NASTY
COLD.

YOU MUST
NEVER BREAK
THE COLD
CHAIN.

HE'S
STARTED
TO MELT...

WHAT
IF HE
REACHES
MELTDOWN?

**THAT
CREATURE!**
LET ME
GET AT HIM!

GERIATRIX!
COME BACK
HERE!



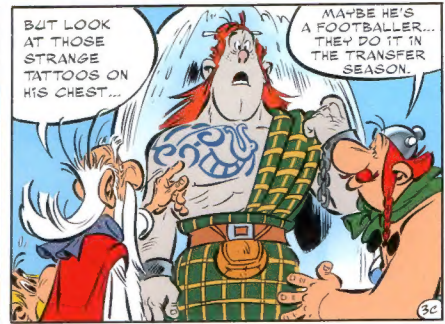
WE FOUND
HIM WASHED UP
ON THE BEACH,
GETAFIX.

YAP!



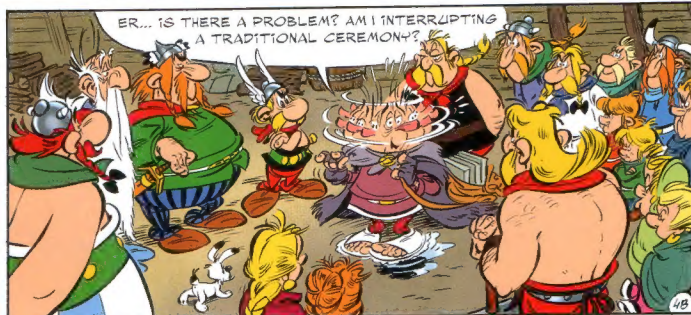
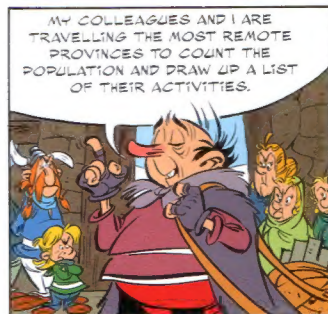
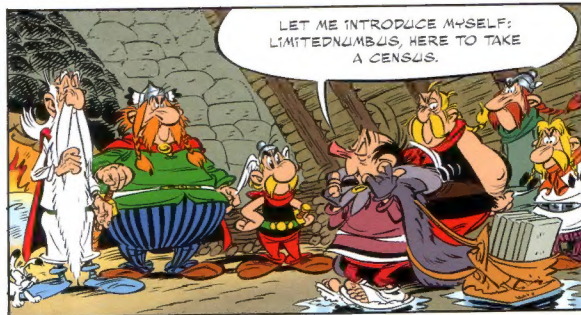
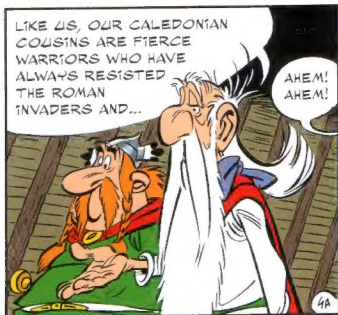
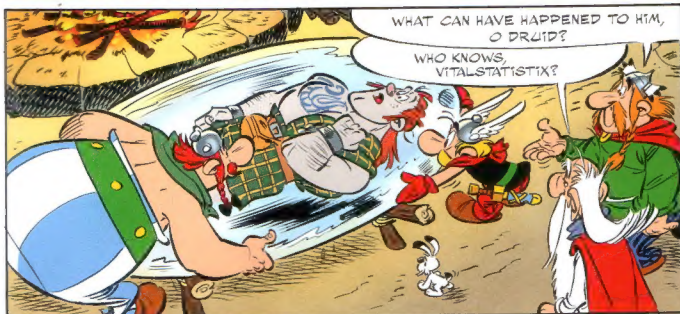
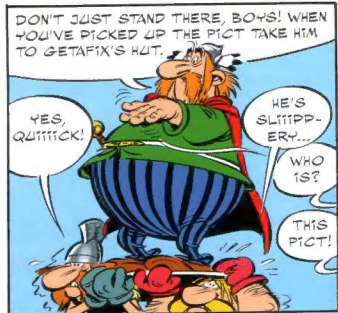
AT FIRST SIGHT,
I'D TAKE HIM FOR A
HIBERNIAN.*

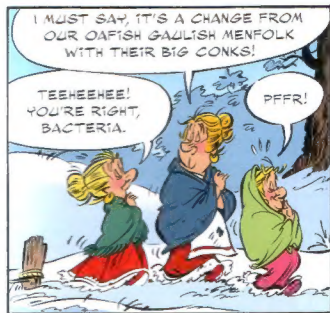
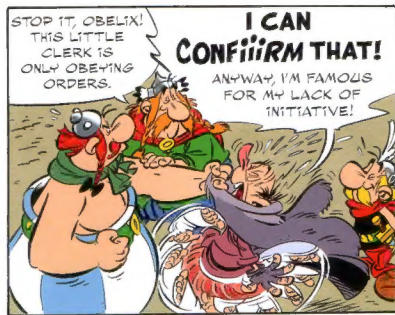
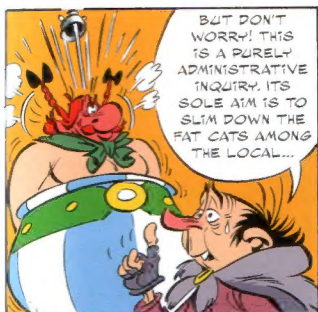
* NATIVE OF HIBERNIA,
NOW IRELAND.



BUT LOOK
AT THOSE
STRANGE
TATTOOS ON
HIS CHEST...

MAYBE HE'S
A FOOTBALLER...
THEY DO IT IN
THE TRANSFER
SEASON.

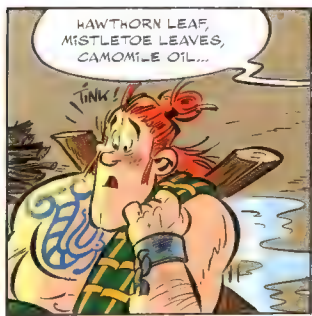




SEVERAL HOURS LATER.



AND NOW TO STIMULATE THE PULSE GENTLY.



HAWTHORN LEAF, MISTLETOE LEAVES, CAMOMILE OIL...



HE MUST'N'T COME ROUND TOO SUDDENLY.



NOW WHAT DID I DO WITH MY POT OF CAMOMILE OIL?



THAT'LL TEACH ME TO LABEL MY POTS!



...XIV, XV.



HEY! JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE. IT'S FOR THE CENSUS.



SURNAME, FIRST NAME, PROFESSION, PERMANENT OR TEMPORARY RESIDENT?

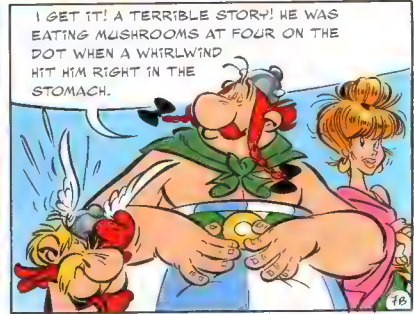
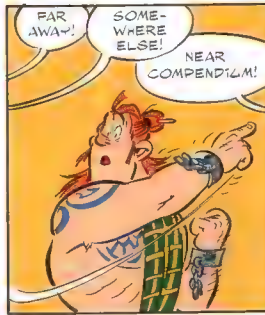
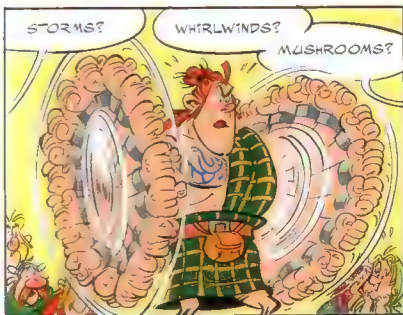
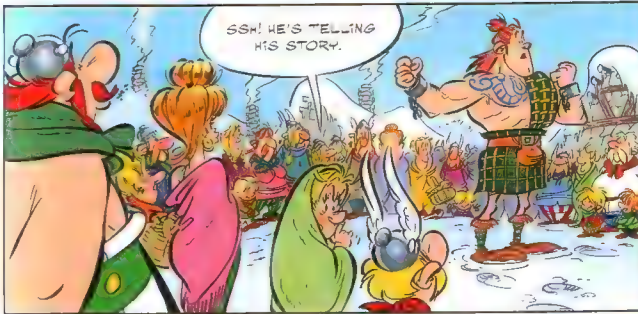
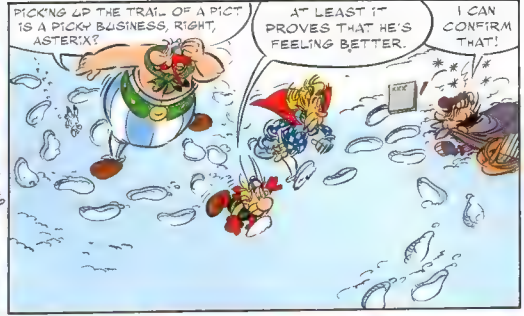


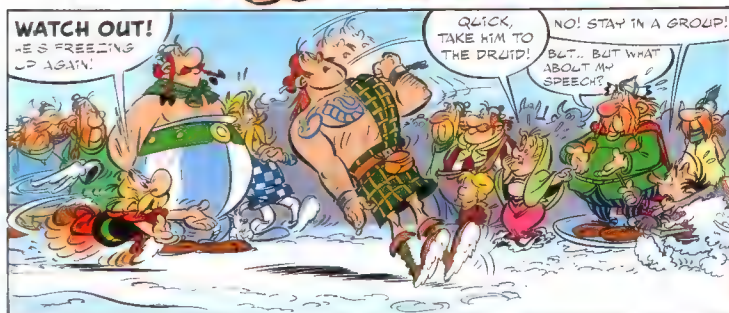
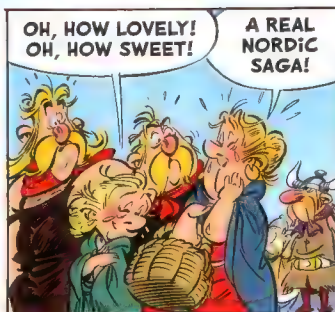
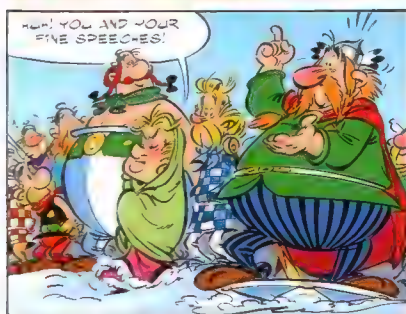
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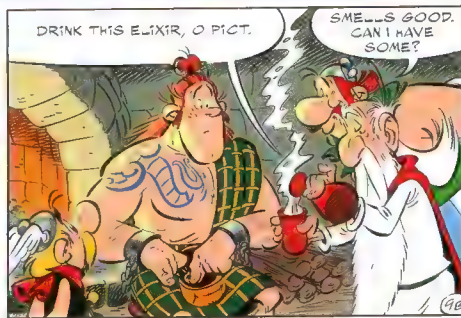
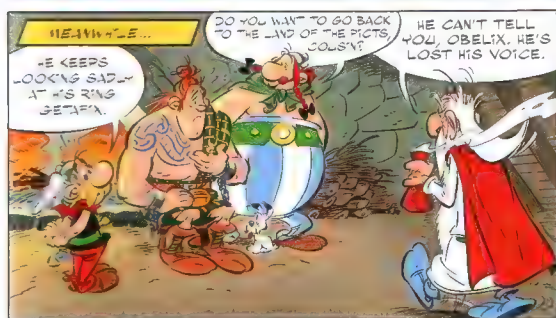
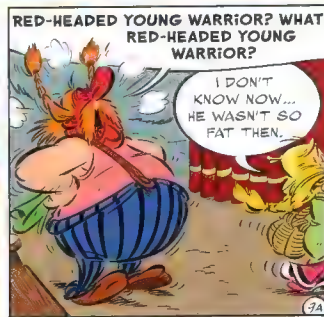
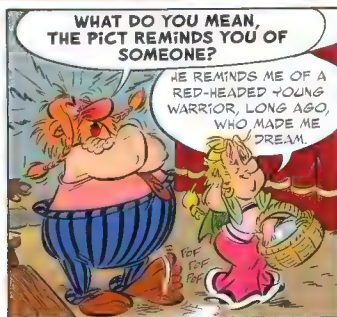
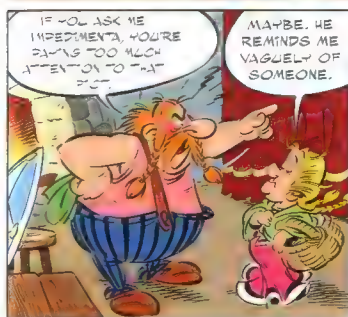
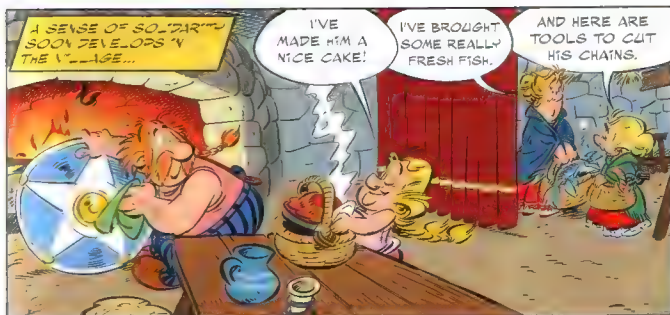
HOW DO YOU SPELL THAT?

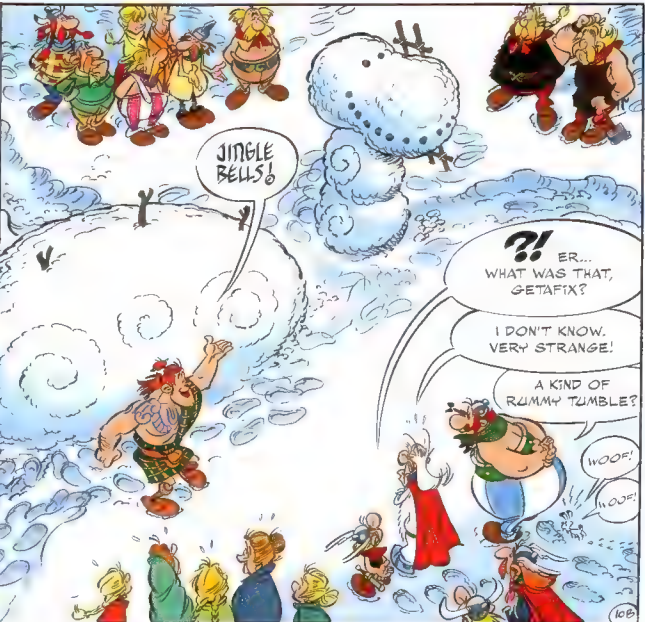
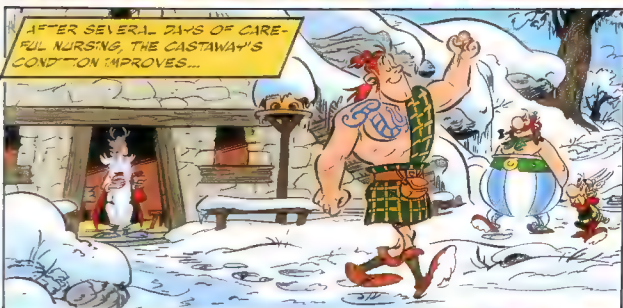
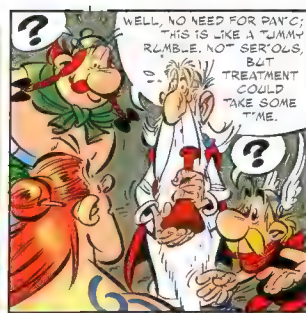
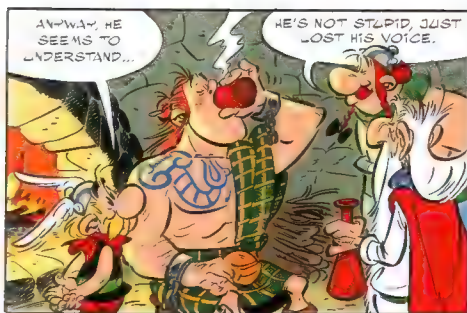


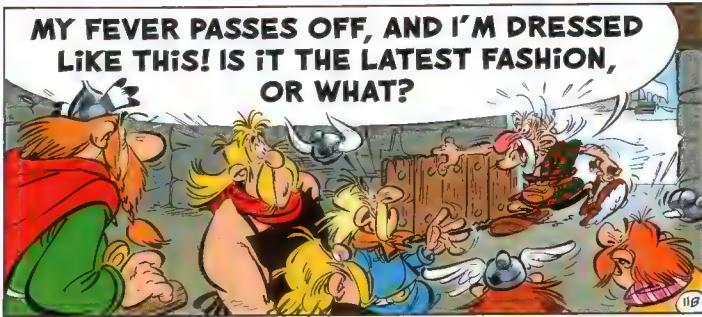
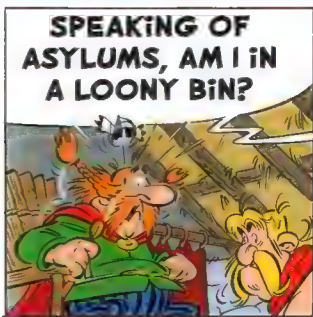
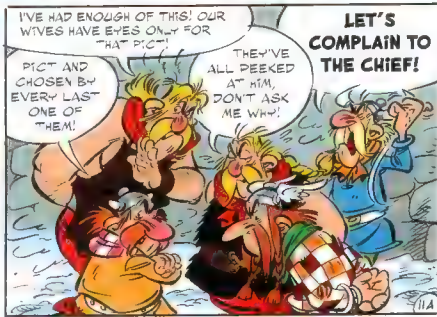
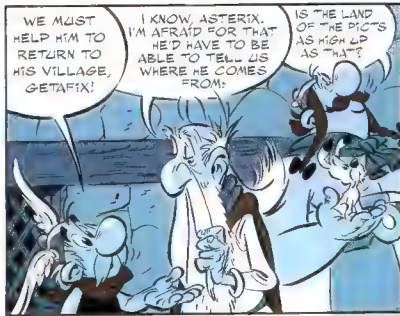
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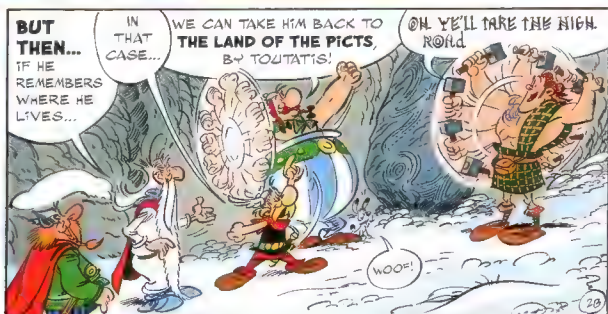
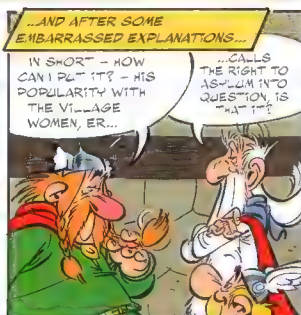
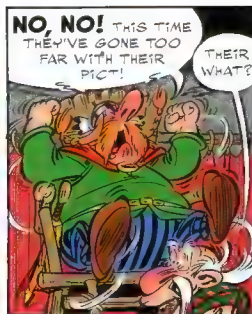
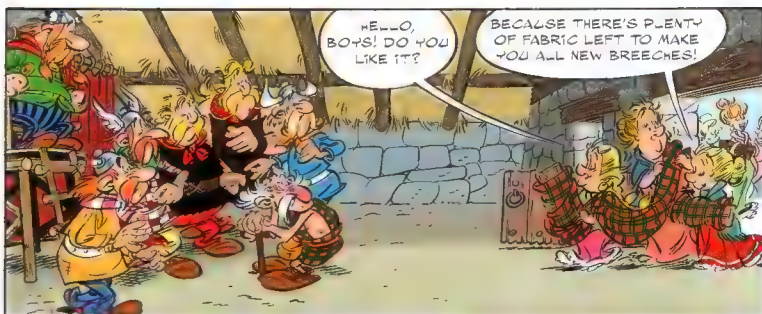


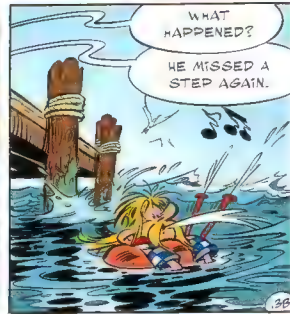
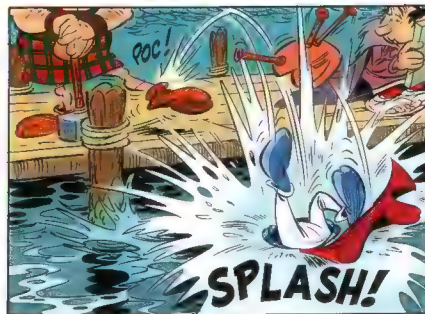
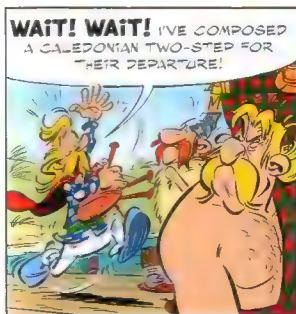
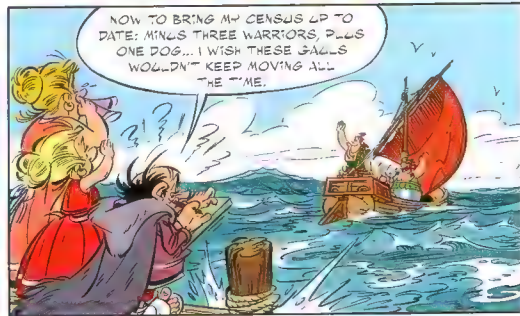
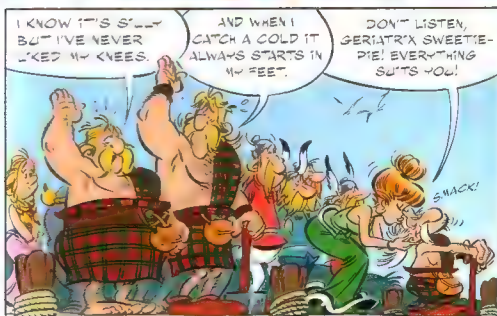
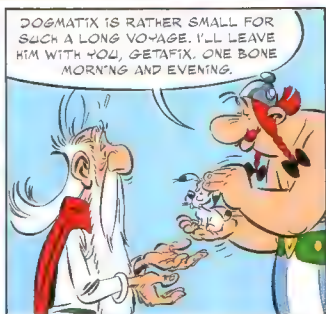
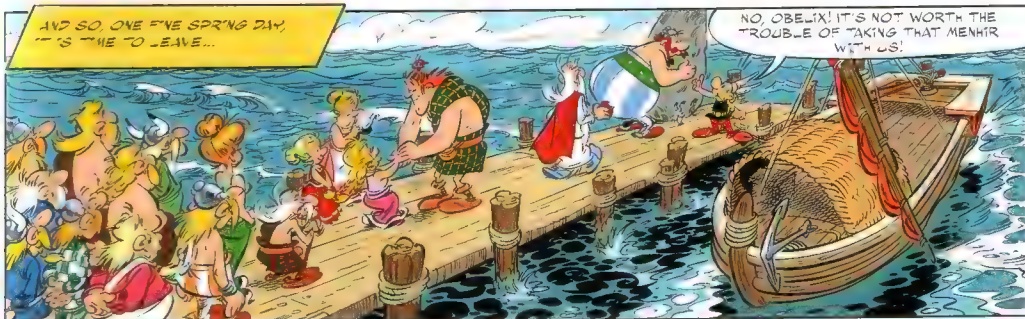


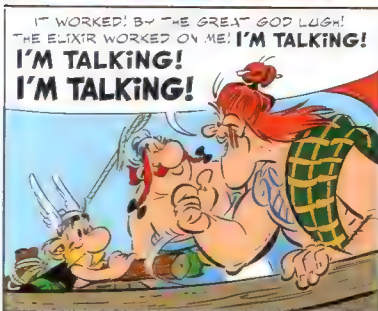
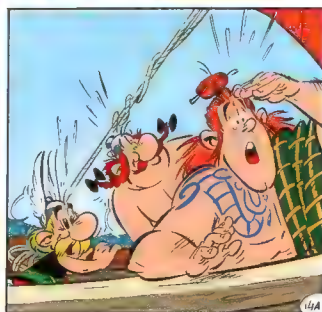
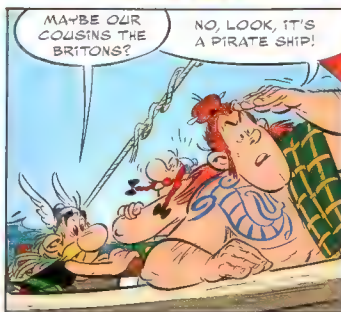
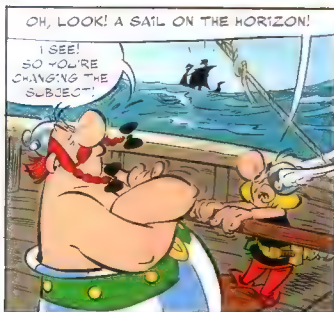
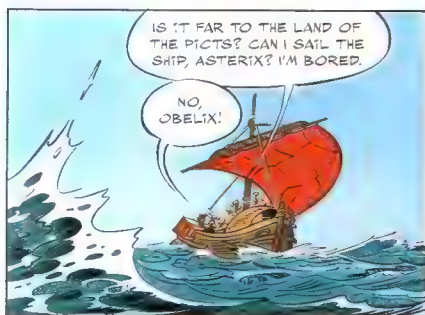












AT THE SAME TIME, FURTHER NORTH
ON A REMOTE PART OF THE COAST...



SO THIS
IS THE FAMOUS
LAND OF THE
PICTS
FALLACIUS...

CAREFUL,
PRETENTIUS! IN
GENERAL THOSE
BARBARIANS LEAVE
US BRUISED IN ALL
THE COLOURS OF
THE RAINBOW.

YOU'RE RIGHT. ACCORDING TO OUR
EMISSARIES, IT'S EASY TO GET STUCK
IN THIS MARSHY TERRAIN...



ASK THAT
SHEPHERD OVER
THERE THE WAY.

THE MACCABEES CLAN? EASY!
THEY'RE RED... EACH CLAN HAS ITS
OWN COLOUR.



16A

NOT A BAD IDEA. AND WHAT
DO YOU CALL THESE,
PICT?

PICTOGRAMS.



WHAT DOES THAT
ONE OVER THERE
SAW?



ROAD
LIABLE TO
FLOODING.

OH, IS IT
SAFE?

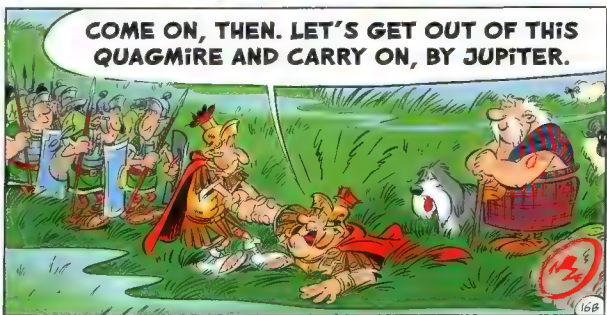


SAFELY
SAFE.

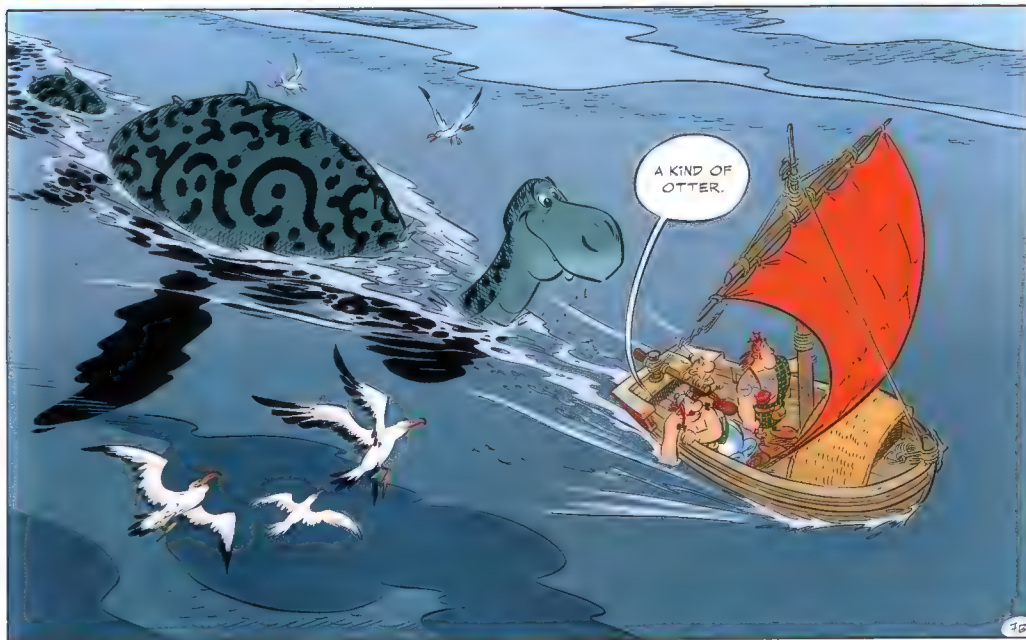
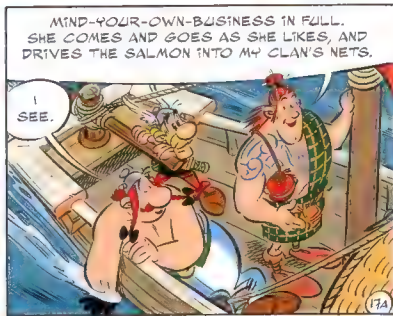
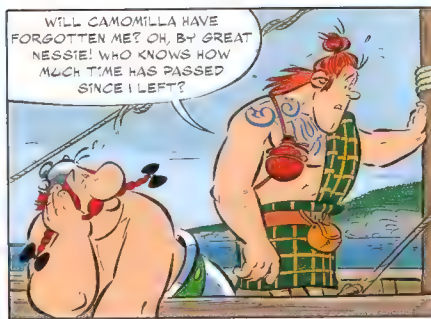
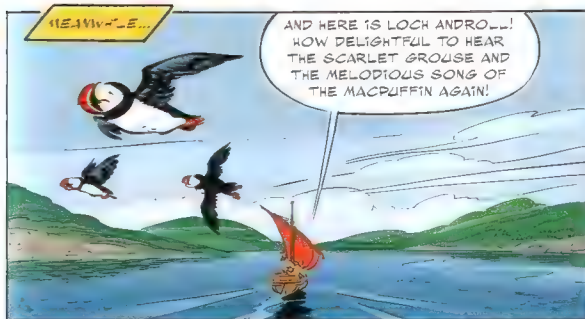
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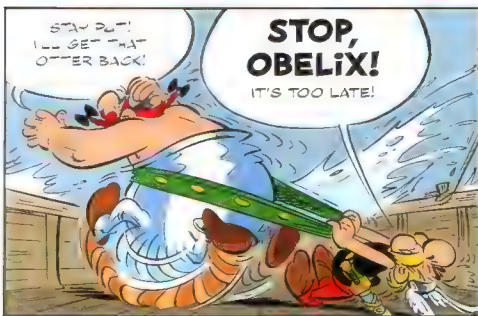
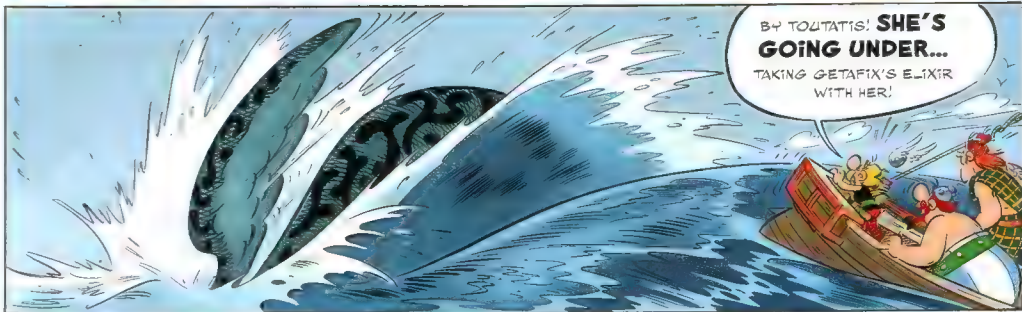
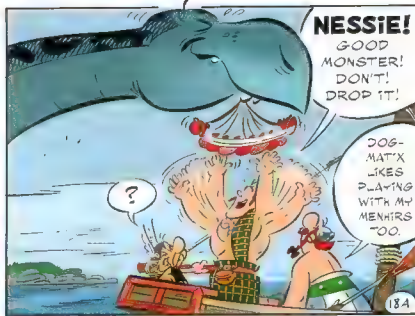
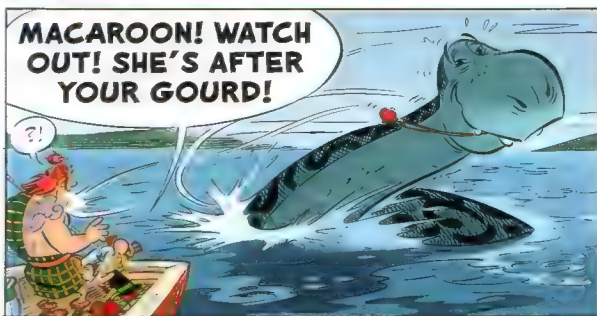
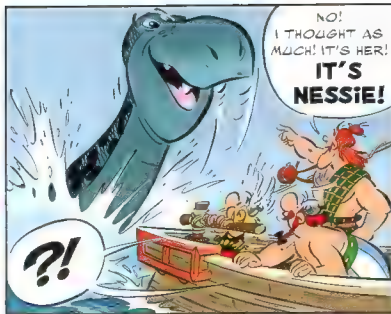
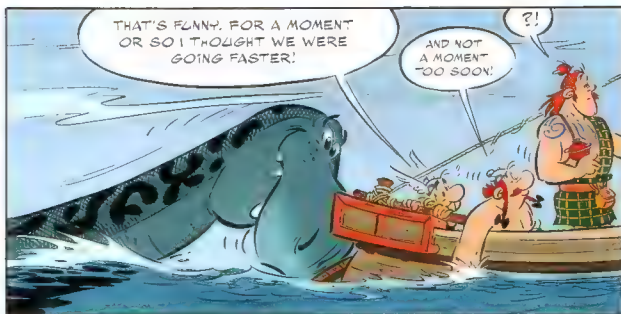


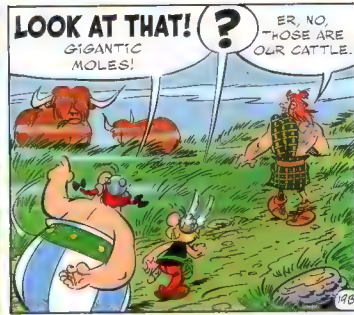
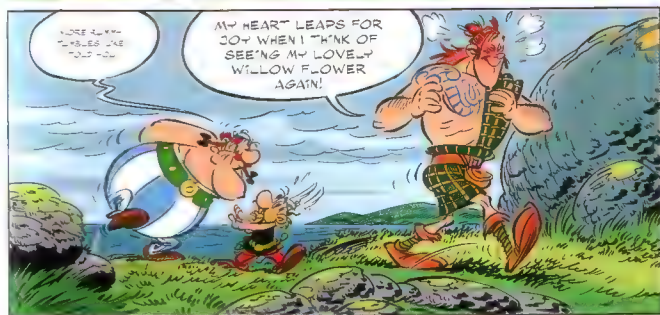
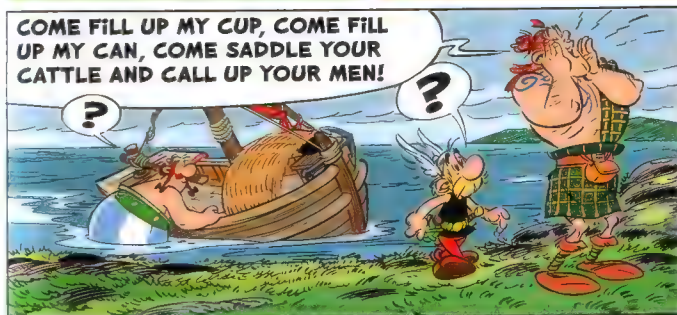
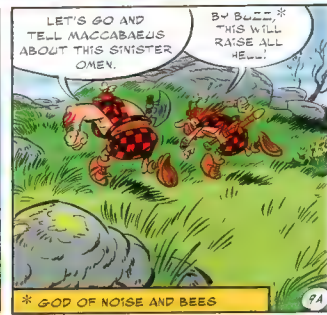
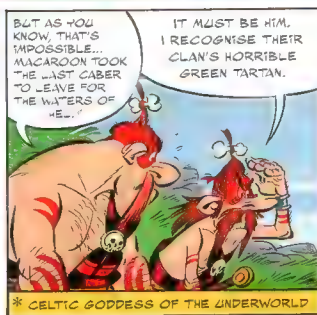
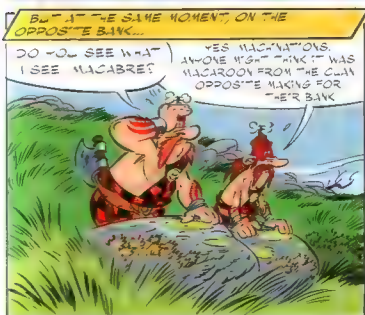
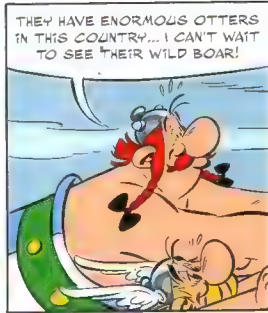
COME ON, THEN. LET'S GET OUT OF THIS
QUAGMIRE AND CARRY ON, BY JUPITER.

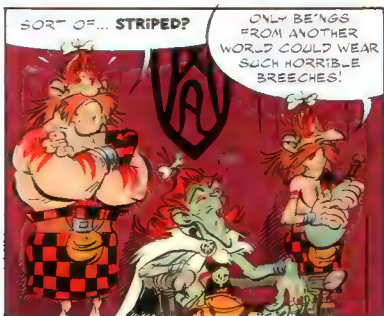
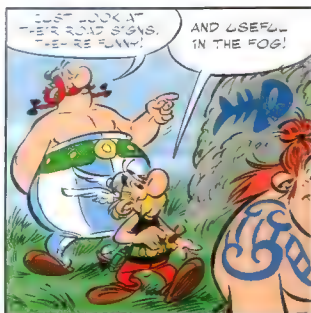


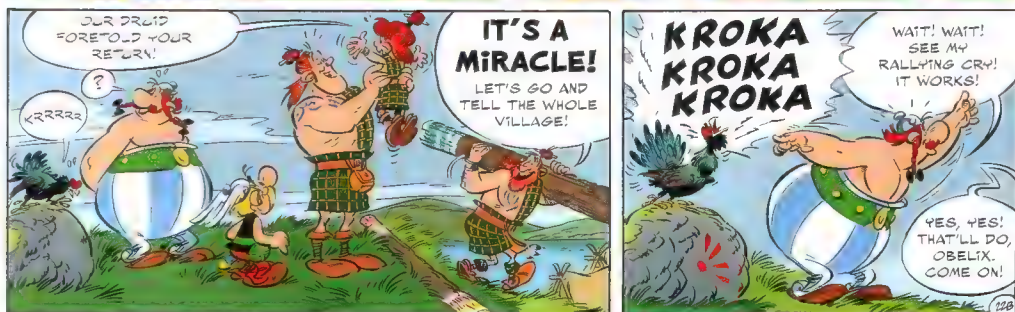
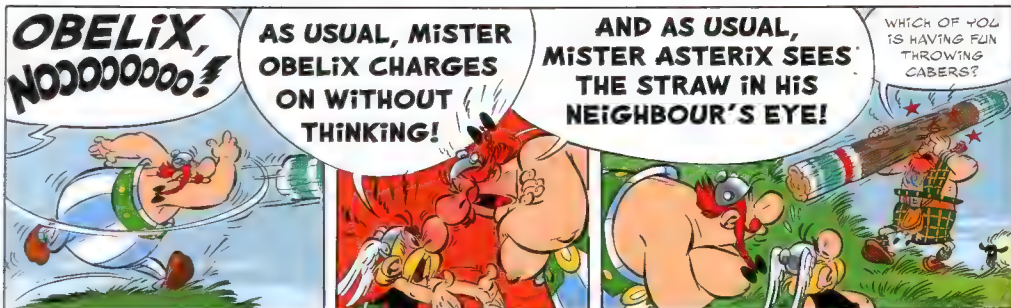
16B

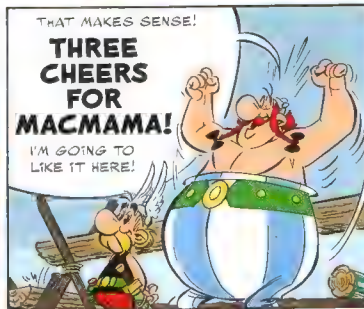
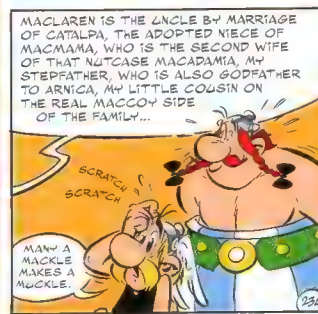
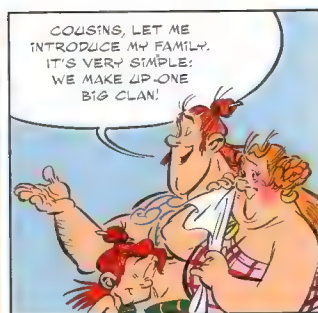












**OBELIX,
OLD FRIEND,
YOU'LL END
UP HURTING
SOMEONE!**

**OH, YES? SO MISTER
ASTERIX DOESN'T APPROVE
OF HIGHLAND GAMES, IS
THAT RIGHT?**

COLLIDING WITH
A TREE IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
FOG! IT'S NOT
NATURAL!

THAT'S IT! WE'RE
TRYING BACK.
WE'LL SAY WE
COULDN'T SEE
THE WAY.

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
LOCH - THE ROMANS ARE MAKING PROGRESS...

NEARLY THERE,
PALLACIUS. I'LL SPEAK
TO THE MEN.

LEGIONARIES!

LET ME REMIND YOU, WE ARE ON
AN ULTRA-SECRET MISSION IN
PICTISH TERRITORY!

W-H-A-T? SPEAK UP, WE CAN'T HEAR
YOU HERE AT THE BACK!

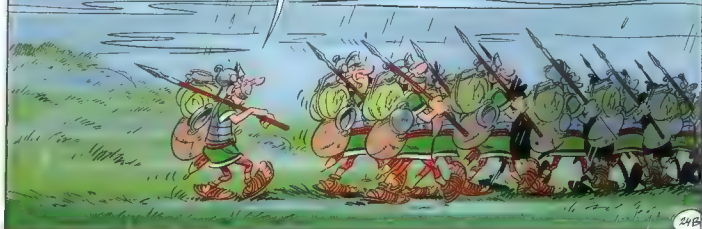
WE ARE HERE AT THE INVITATION
OF CHIEF MACCABAEUS, A FAR-
SIGHTED CHIEFTAIN WHO WANTS
AN ALLIANCE WITH ROME!

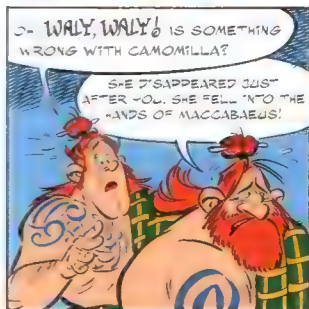
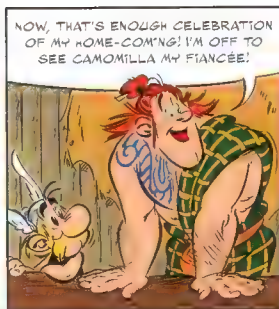
HOME SWEET HOME.
I NEVER DID LIKE
ROAMING.

AND SO, MEN I EXPECT AN
EXEMPLARY ATTITUDE FROM YOU.
OUR PASSWORD IS COURAGE
AND BRAVERY!

OFF WE GO!

PORRIDGE AND GRAVY? THAT SOUNDS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, LADS?





AT THE SAME
MOMENT
ON THE
OPPOSITE
BANK.

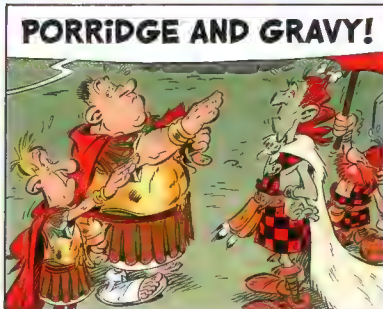
MACCABAEUS, FUTURE KING OF THE PICTS, WELCOMES HIS ROMAN ALLIES!



AVE MACCABAEUS. THROUGH
US JULIUS CAESAR'S
VANGUARD SALUTES YOU!



PORRIDGE AND GRAVY!



WHAT'S WRONG? WEREN'T
WE SUPPOSED TO GIVE
THE PASSWORD?



YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR
THE CEREMONY, O ROMAN!

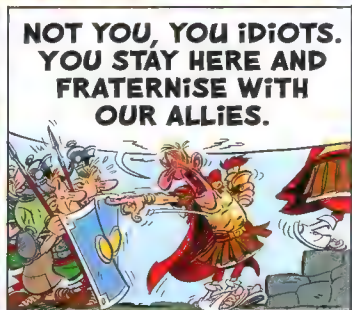
NO PROBLEMS -
THE WAY WAS WELL
SIGNPOSTED.



COME ON UP AND
I'LL TELL YOU MY
PLANS!



**NOT YOU, YOU IDIOTS.
YOU STAY HERE AND
FRATERNISE WITH
OUR ALLIES.**



ER... AVE!

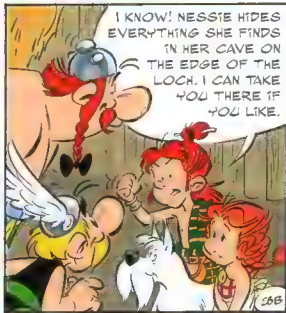
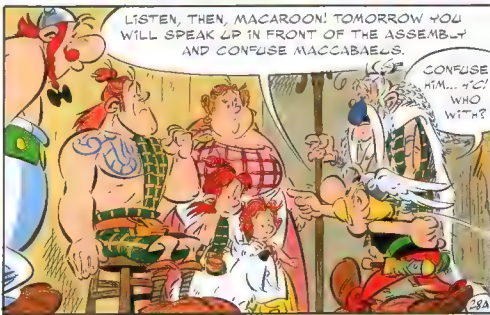
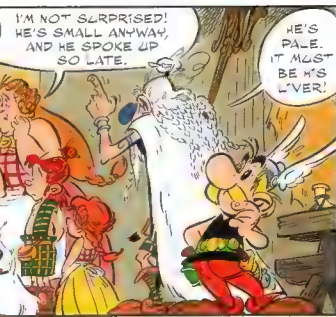
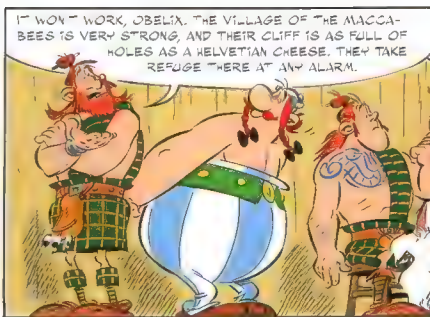
HOW'S
"RICKS"?

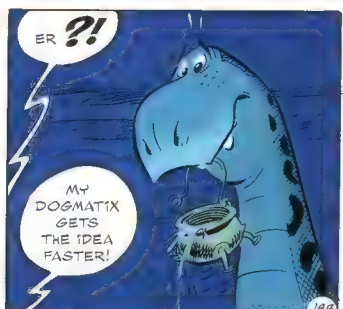
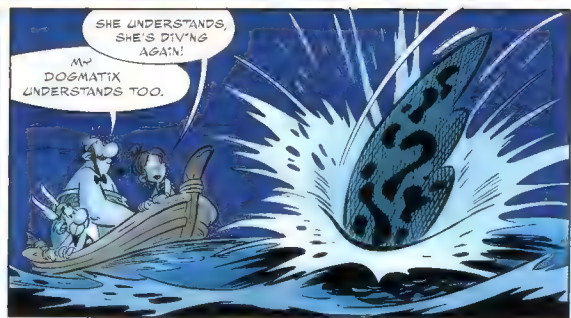
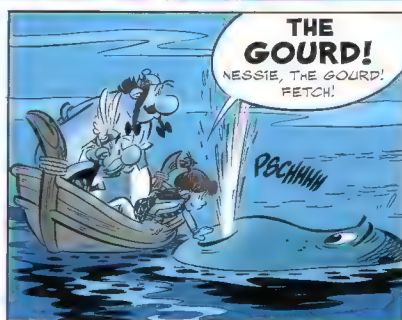
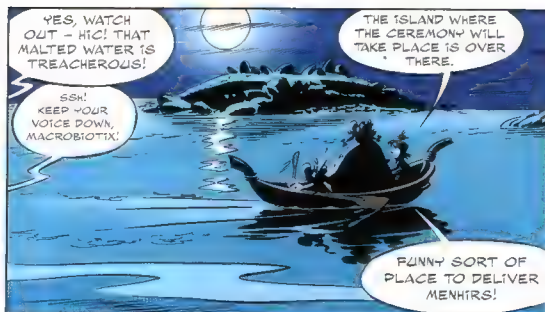
THE TIMES ARE OUT
OF JOINT, AS YOU
MIGHT SAY.

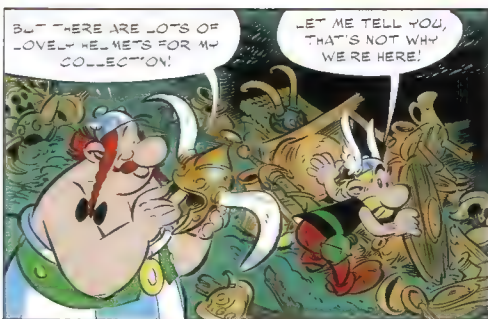
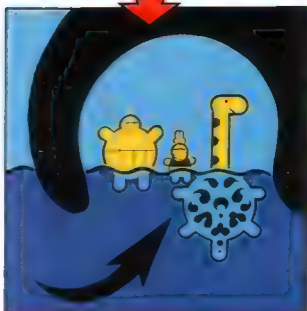
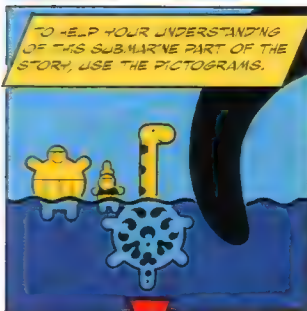
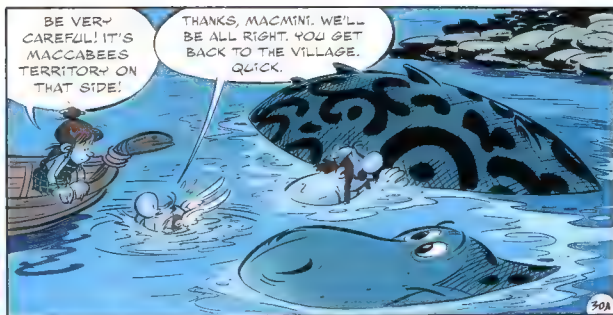
THAT'S
RIGHT...

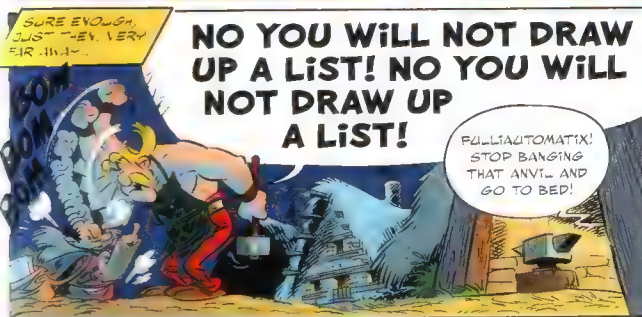
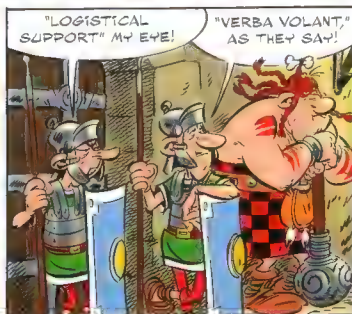
AND IS
THAT YOUR
NATURAL COLOUR?

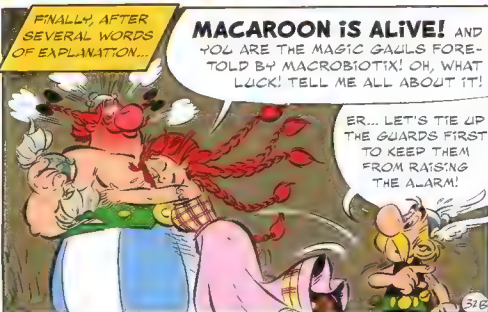
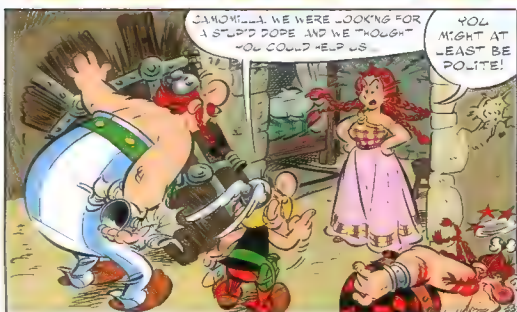
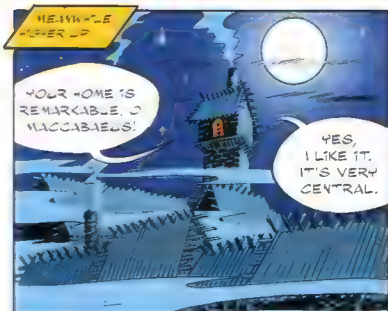
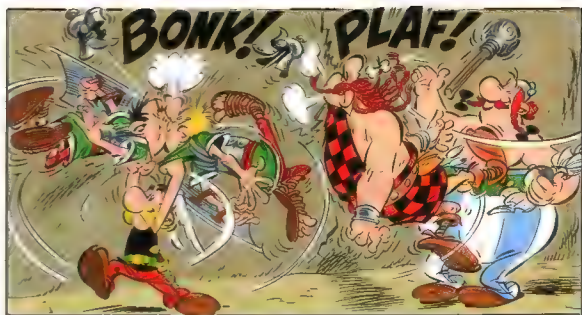


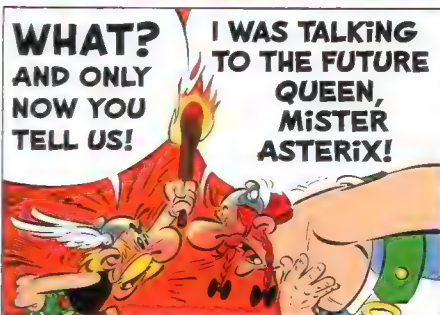
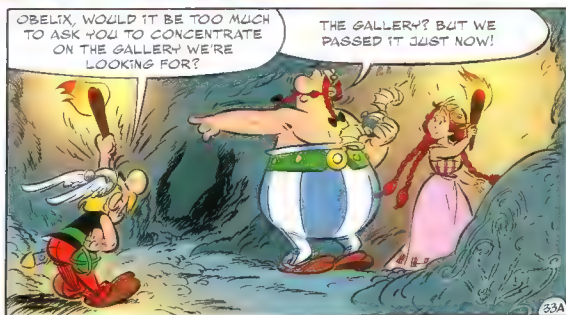
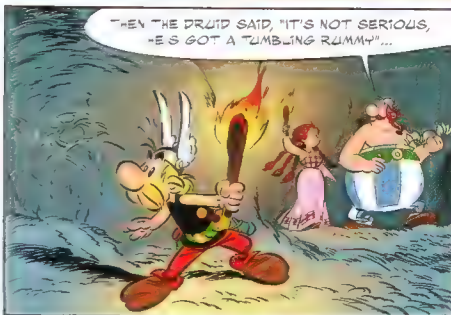
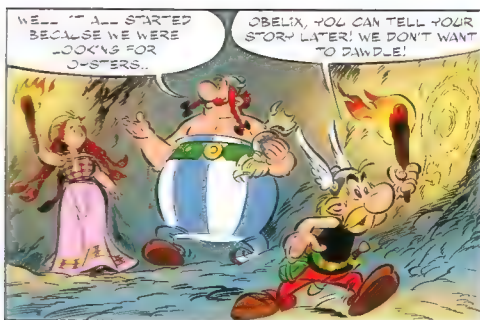


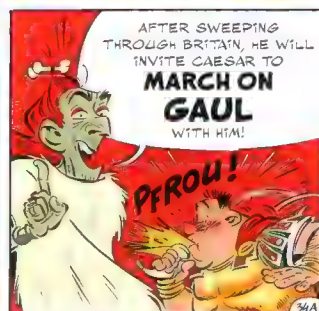
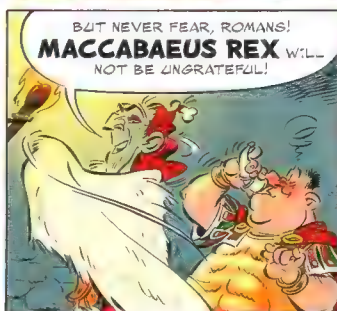












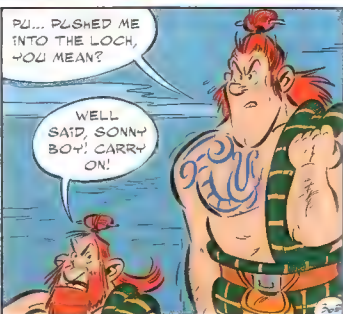
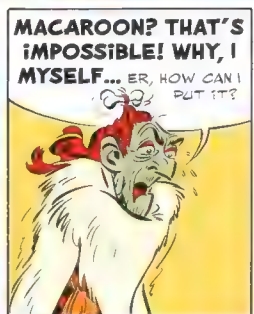
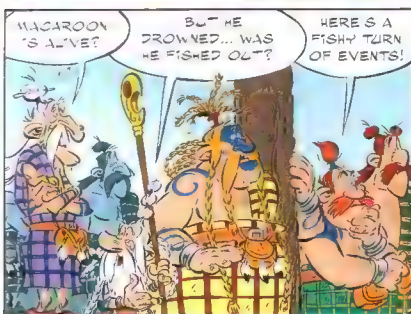
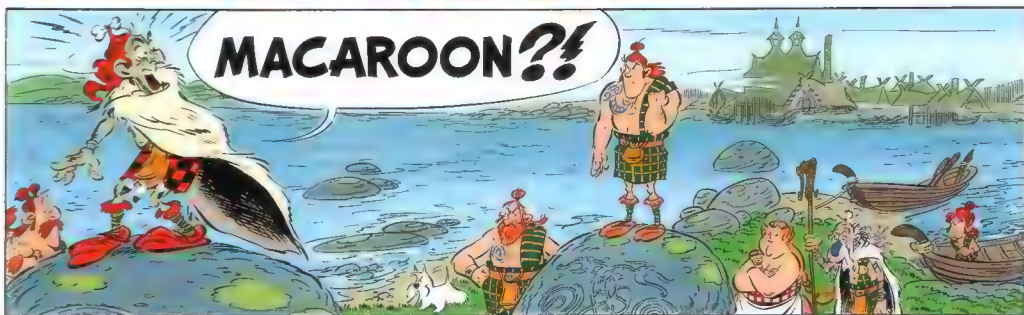
MAC
BAEL
IS GO
FOR
YOU!

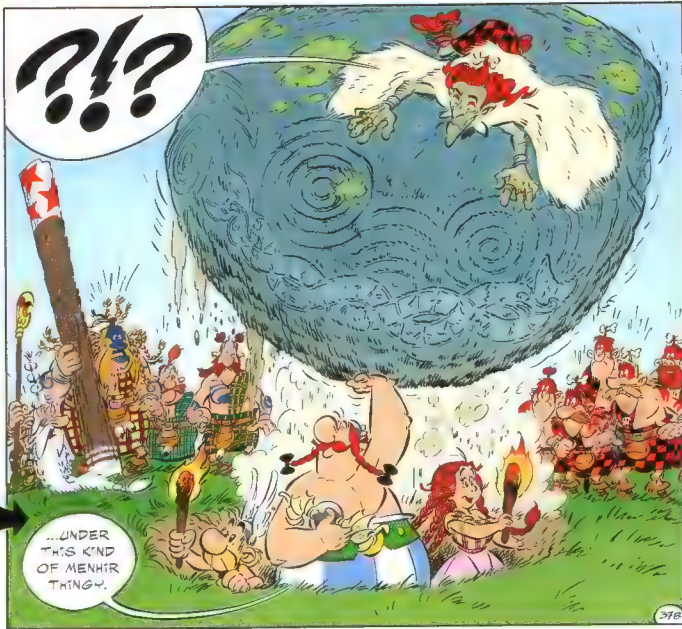
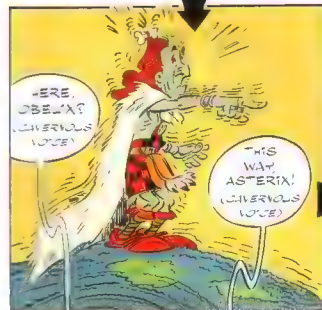
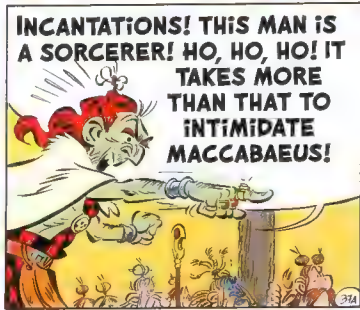
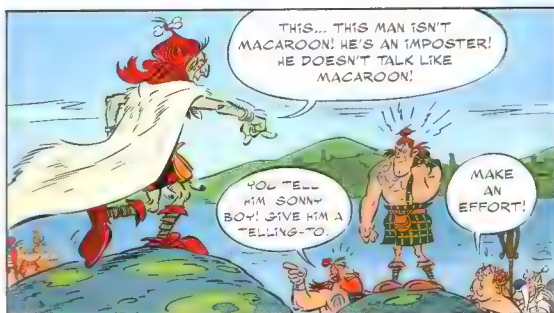
...WINNING
WITH THE
CROWD AND
BURNING SHOTS
OF HA-TEP
WATER TO
WIN VOTES...

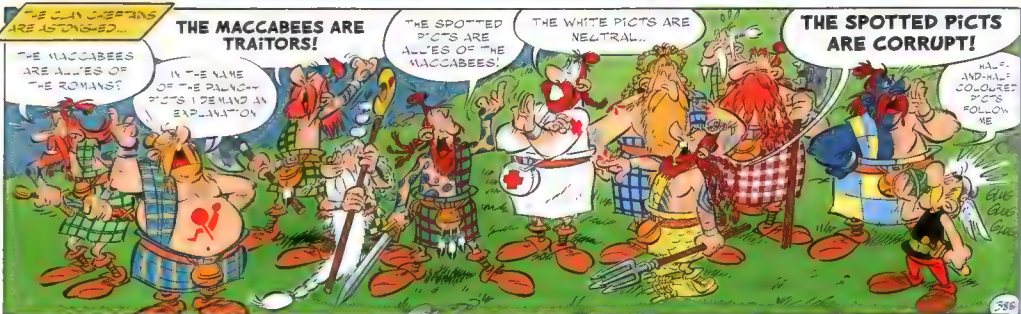
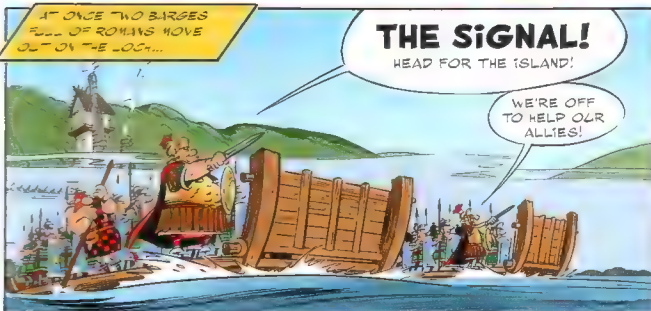
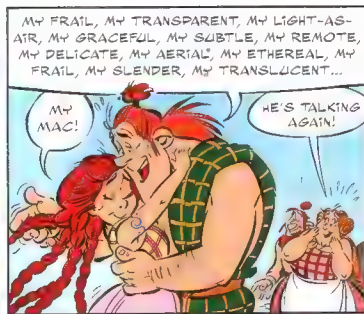
MAGGABAES
IS GOOD
FOR
YOU!

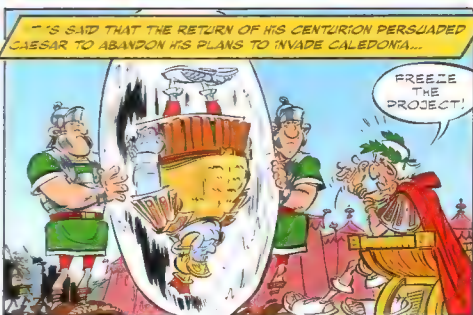
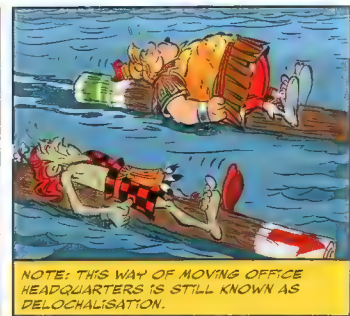
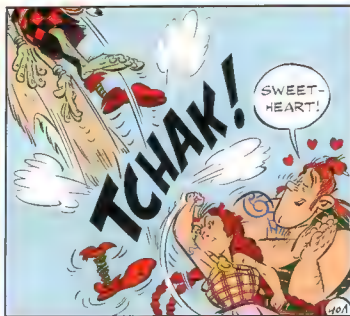
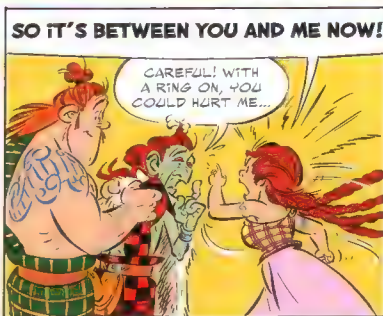
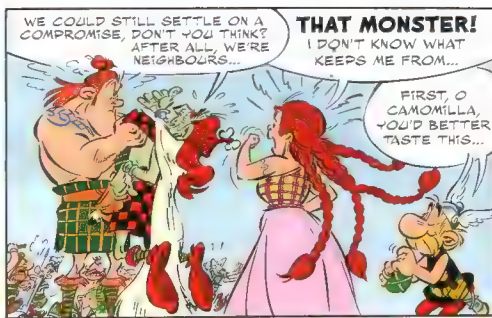
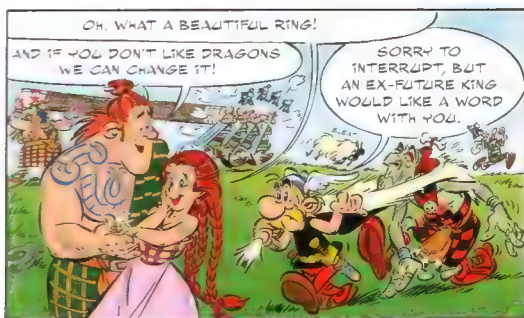
SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!

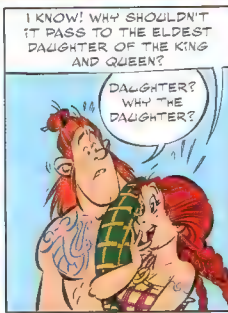
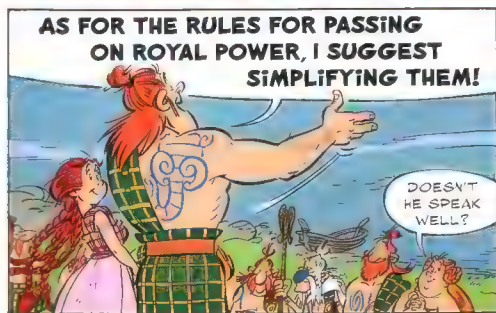
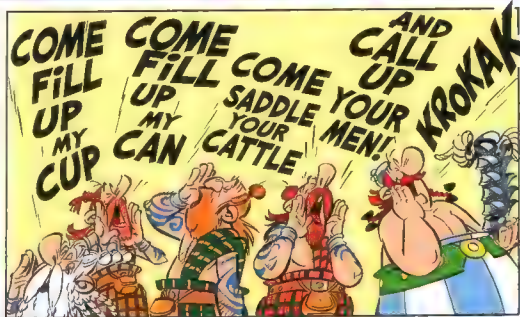
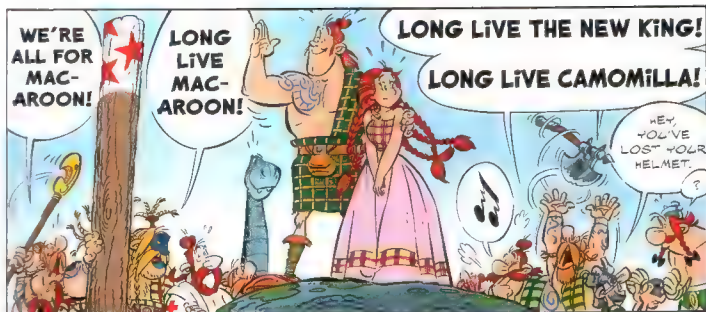
A cartoon illustration of a man in a kilt standing on a globe, surrounded by other people in traditional Scottish attire. The man on the globe is wearing a green and blue kilt and a sporran, with his arms outstretched. Below him, a group of people in similar Scottish dress are looking up at him. The scene is set outdoors with a large tree trunk on the left and a blue sky in the background.

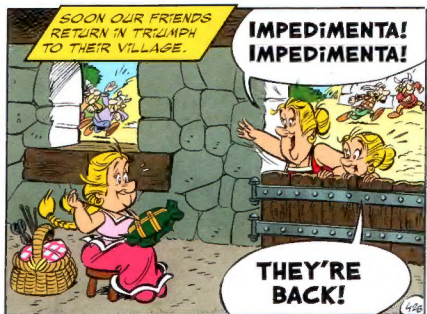
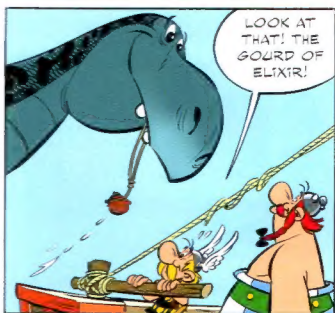
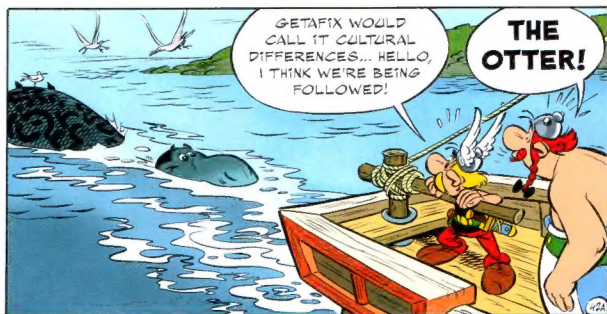
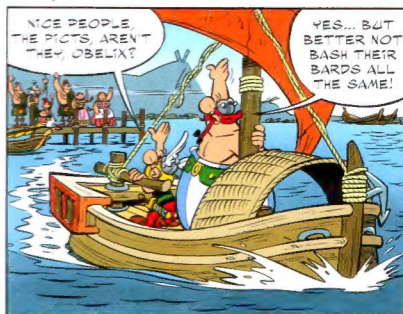
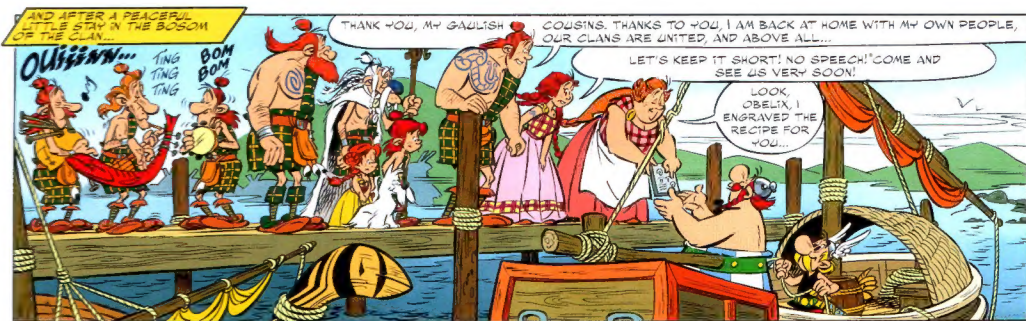


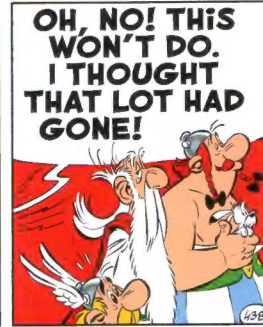
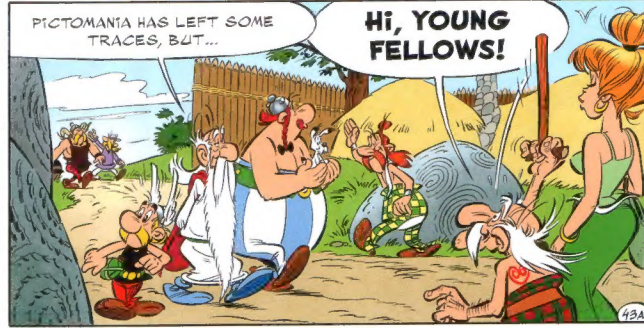
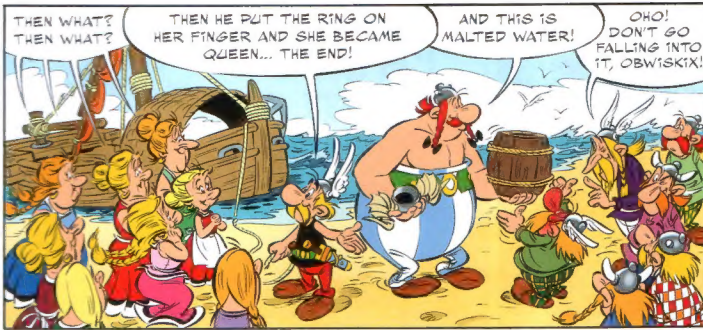












OH, FOR JUPITER'S SAKE! AND NOW WE'LL HAVE TO COUNT THEM ALL AGAIN! HOW IS ANYONE EXPECTED TO TAKE A CENSUS IN A VILLAGE OF MADMEN WHERE THEY KEEP ON MOVING AND DON'T CARE A BIT?

OH YES, I WAS FOR-GETTING.



AND I DON'T COUNT FOR ANYTHING!

I'M SICK OF IT!

WE MUST DO SOMETHING, OBELIX!

WHY NOT SEND HIM TO COUNT THE PICTS?

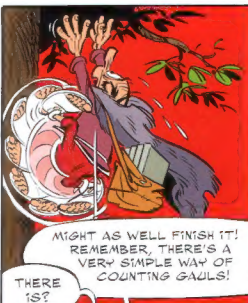


WE'LL GET A TREE TRUNK, PUT HIM ON IT AND...

HOUUUU!

NO,

YOU KNOW DOGMATTX WOULD HATE THAT!



MIGHT AS WELL FINISH IT! REMEMBER, THERE'S A VERY SIMPLE WAY OF COUNTING GAULS!

THERE IS?

OOH, YES!

I KNOW WHAT IT IS!



... AND THIS VERY SIMPLE WAY OF COUNTING ALL THE GAULS, NOW REUNITED, AS OUR CLEVER READERS WILL HAVE GUESSED, IS AT

THE GREAT FINAL BANQUET, BY TOUTATIS!

NOT BAD, HIC! BUT NOT AS GOOD AS BARLEY BEER!

NO, NO, MUCH BIGGER THAN AN OTTER.

AND THEY ALSO RESPECT THEIR BARDS.

THEY DO?

XXII
XXIII
XXIV



THE END

FERRI + CONRAD

When
Asterix and
Obelix rescue a
mysterious Pict
named MacAroon,
they must journey
to Caledonia, now
Scotland, to return
him to his lady love,
Camomilla, the adopted
daughter of the old king.
However, the treacherous
chieftain, MacCabaeus,
plans to marry her and
claim the throne – with the
help of the Romans! What
with caber-tossing, bagpipes,
malted water and an enormous
otter in the loch, can the
Gauls reunite MacAroon
and Camomilla and enjoy
some Roman-bashing
along the way?



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